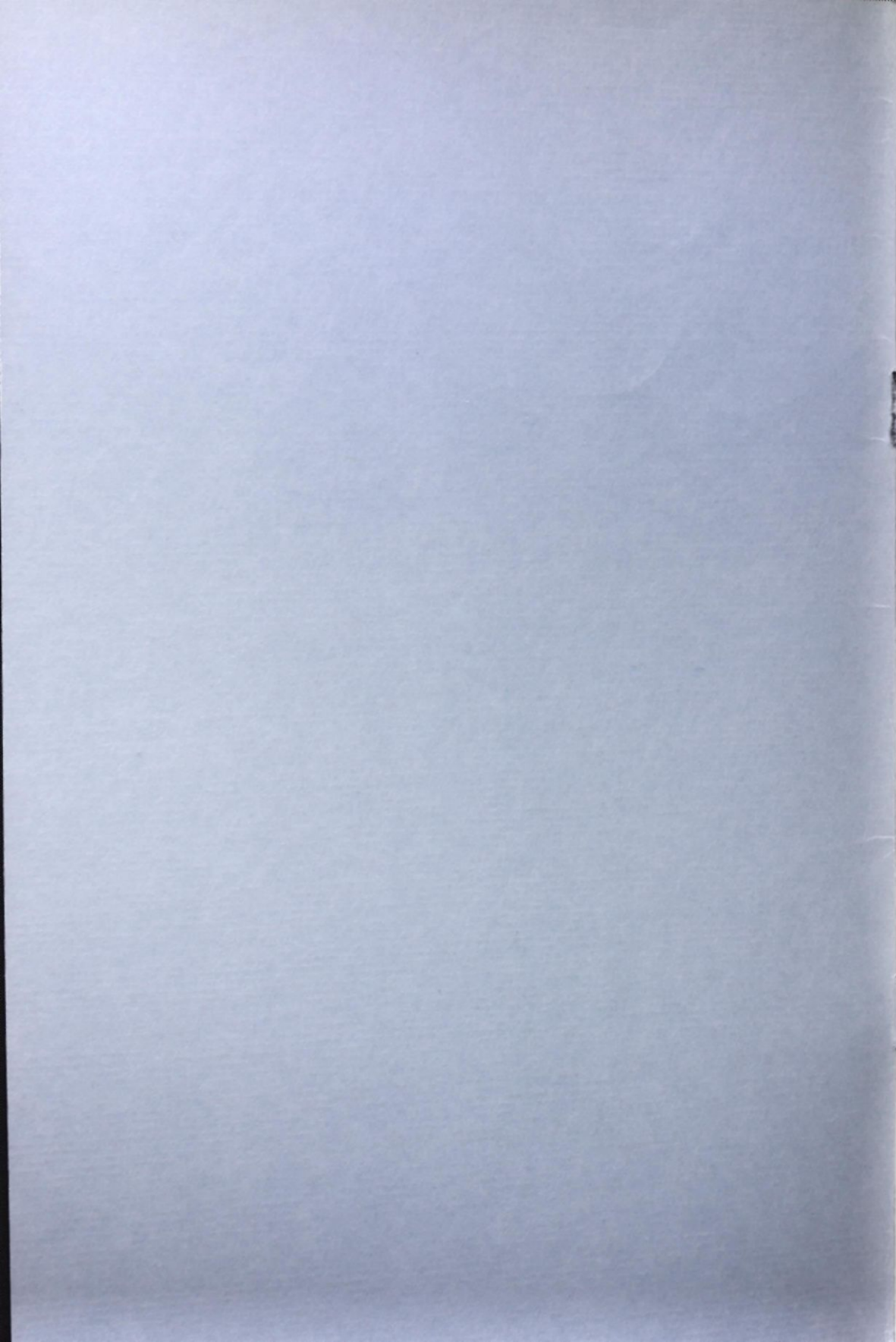


PROMETHEUS





PROMETHEUS

editor: Linda Hebert

For a lovely bowl
Let us arrange these flowers
Since there is no rice.

—*Basho*

GREENFIELD COMMUNITY COLLEGE

LITERARY AND FINE ARTS MAGAZINE

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yes is a pleasant country;
if's wintry
(my lovely)
let's open the year

both is the very weather
(not either)
my treasure,
when violets appear

love is a deeper season
than reason;
my sweet one
(and april's when we're)

—ee cummings

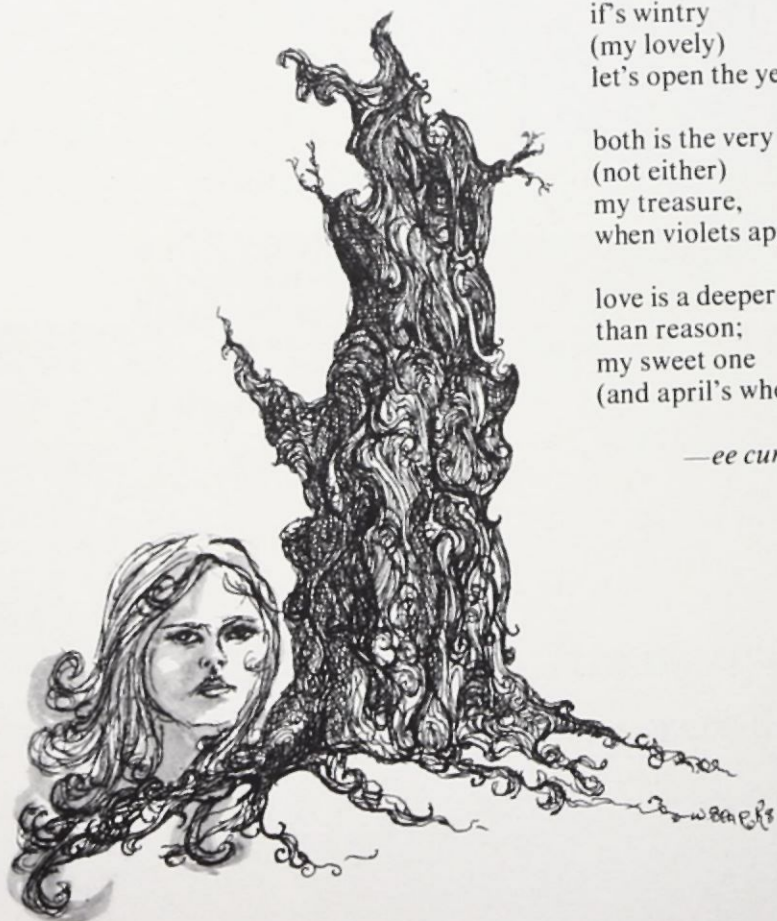


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MOORE

by S. G. Tyler

a haunted humdrum hallucination
commonly cobwebbed and cluttered,
a million eyes, a million hands
all reach out for a grasp of life,
the spectre repeated again and again,
with the haunting refrain . . .
of time . . .
of pattern . . .
of death . . .
of humanity passing
of things that change and things that don't;
and of emotions and mores and dreams,
of many times; and of now.

and perhaps as an old felt hat
provokes and prods a memory . . .
nudges to the surface a time or face,
an attitude or searching eyes
an introspective something
that lives within us all
not happiness—
not gaiety—
not humour—
not any semblance of pleasantry
but rather, inward searching for that legend—
a quiet yearning of knowledge and poetry
an improvement—approval of self.

POEM

by Sylvia Culver

Romp through grassy green fields.
Sit on a falling stone wall
Let yourself meditate within the realm of nature.
Listen to the rustling of trees in the wind
Listen to the gurgling brook and feel its coldness.
Watch the tiny ant struggle up his mountain of dust,
And through his jungles of grass.
Watch the daisies bob like dancers to music.
See the sky change from deep blue,
Into an expanding sea of murky grey.
Look closely, listen with open ears,
Watch life exist and when it goes by,
Ask why.

UNTITLED

by D. Dickau

Right way, wrong way, I'm standing in the middle
Fourteen Christians pushing toward the door
All around, falling down,
Indians with a broom.
Negroes yelling, sitting in the street
Policemen beating everyone they meet.
On the street, get off the street
Before the hour comes
It's up to you to travel home
And don't forget your broom.
Pay your rent, your money's spent
There ain't enough for food.
Take a pill and cure your ills
Leaning on a broom.
Say your name, acclaim the fame
Gum sticks to your shoes
Dirty hands but pretty clothes
All from pushing brooms.
Men's room, girls' room, I'm standing in the middle
Both the same except the name
Won't you hold my broom?
Space race, love race, don't forget the human race.
Fall in, fall out,
I don't know which is worse
If I had any choice,
I'd be standing in the middle.
Forty-two, sixty-two, fifty-two, hike
Send me one, send me two,
They're really all alike.
Native fruit, someone's flute,
Shining in the sun.
Watch the rain, but restrain,
From running in between.

SPONTANEOUS FANTASY

by Linda Hebert

A tent rippled, and insecure it was,
As tents go, animation coming from
Two squirming children on a lawn.

Giggles arose through the green of the canvas,
And whispers of gravest importance, and then,
Of a sudden, without any warning

A towhead (a small one) emerged with a grin
(As towheads are likely to do)
And swelled with the size of the secrets in him.

And I, who was caught in observing,
I, who I'm sure, was quite undeserving
To witness the fanciful world that I saw

I walked the more quickly,
And in quiet awe; rounded the corner,
And felt a wide grin envelop my lips

Till I couldn't contain it,
And happy I was, though still undeserving,
That I had been caught (by children) observing

Spontaneous fantasy,
Cosmos of fantasy, under a canvas
Where two children were.



EARTH

by M. A. S.

Why run to me with your
Arms outstretched? I know
You from somewhere, but
It's not the same as before.

You've grown so tall, as if
To spite me when I truly
Hosted your every need.
Your life combined with mine.

Once, I was young too.
And Man looked me over
But only saw what he needed.
Now I'm senseless to persecution.

I've carried your loves,
Your hates, your dreams, and mostly
Your deaths. I'll hold you
When your time comes.

LIVING

by M. A. S.

Struggle for life from the
Very start, and once you've
Won that battle, struggle
Once more for individuality.

That battle won brings new
Horizons into view that
Spread far from where you've ever
Been. Can you still look forward?

FROM EMBRYO TO I DON'T KNOW

by Robin A. Cox

Mockingbirds and cypress knees
Spanish moss, lean-pine trees.
Black mud smushing through my toes,
Left alone, my memory goes
Towards my past that future blessed,
And taught me things I had not guessed.

Mockingbirds and cypress knees
Poison ivy, ocean spreeds.
A 'gator grunt my sleep-song was,
And damp the dawn behind my ear
Before my soul'd need wake to fear.

Mockingbirds and cypress knees
African flat-and-coral land.
An owl hoot, a wildcat scream;
To my birthprints: an Anarch's dream,
I leave the grunt, the scream, the hoot,
And to my soul I strap the boot.

Mockingbirds and cypress knees
Water spiders, grey sand fleas.
Bones that do not stop to know
The consequences of "to grow".
High above the green saw grass
(now aware of nature's kilter)
Stands a soul of tarnished brass.



THERE ARE NO DEAD

by Beulah E. Jenkins

They told me she was dead—that she was gone,
And when I looked and saw the still, pale form
Of her I'd known and loved since first I was,
The words so softly spoken seemed to pierce
My ears with thunder tones, and in my heart,
So suddenly grown empty, echoed loud
The words, "She's dead—she's gone, gone, gone . . .

The desert of my heart, flooded with tears,
Became a quicksand then of bitter grief,
And as self-pity pushed me ever down,
I prayed in vain for comfort of relief.

I turned from death and groped my lonely way,
Alone and lonely—lost without her there—
Lost and alone, with no one left to care,
Alone and lost, my life grown cold and gray.

So was my life until one day I spoke,
And in my startled ear, the voice I heard
Was her dear voice, *her* voice, and not my own;
I spoke *her* words; my lips wore *her* own smile,
And on my brow I felt *her* thoughtful frown.
I sensed her living spirit housed in me,
Using my body as she would her own.

The moment came and went, but in that flash
Of time I knew that still she lived somewhere
Unseen, unheard, but never, never gone
Beyond love's reach, and I was not alone.

So on this Mother's Day I'll wear for her
A bright and lovely flower of living red,
For I have learned the thing she died to teach—
The truth she'd always known—*there are no dead!*

ALIVE AGAIN

by Peter Haughton

BREAST:
arriving suprisingly at me,
You

—sought

—startled

SWALLOWED me, as
(blind to time)

I took my nourishment;
stroking, needed, needing

. . .

momentary mound

delicate texture

intricate pinkness . . .

You

become my soul:

Taste me

(before I remember

that

I am melting).

1.

by Peter Haughton

Maybe, one day
in April,
the sun will go down
and the moon
will forget to go up.
If anyone notices it
maybe
they will forget
their dollars, cents and
wars
and will listen to
all the breathing noises
of the neither day nor night, and
perhaps
they will forget
living
and concentrate on life

2.

by Peter Haughton

After we have tried
to gather love
into one basket
we mingle and
wildly explode,
(hip to hip) . . .
But explosions
never really
say enough,
for bodies never
know





THE GIFT

by Linda Hebert

Hosh popped his head up over the covers of his small bed. His mother had found a crib at a rummage sale when Hosh was finally old enough to sleep alone. Without the bars, it wasn't too hard to sleep in, once he'd gotten used to it. He'd always curled up anyway. He rolled off the edge of the crib and fumbled for his sneakers, the only shoes he owned. Then he rose sleepily and loped across the room to see if the day was a good one. The sun blazed yellow, as it always had, for as long as he could remember, and he was nine years old, almost ten, he proudly reminded himself. He wondered what it was like to feel rain. His Pa had told him stories about the rain, and how it'd make the earth so moist it'd ooze right through his

toes. And when it came it made things alive with green. You could even fill your mouth, Pa said, the drops were so durn big. You just stood there in the ooze and muck of the dirt, with your mouth wide open so you wouldn't miss a one. Hosh sighed and ransacked his top drawer for the coveralls he'd stuffed inside last night, so he wouldn't have to wash them at the pump out front. His Pa called him to get a move on, and Hosh quickly finished dressing. He walked into the kitchen where Pa was, and sat down at the table, watching the quick movements of the brown-skinned old man at the stove. He wasn't that old, really, Hosh reflected, and wondered why a man looks older than he is sometimes. Pa put the plate of fried dough on the grimy yellow table cloth, and mounted the stool at his place.

"Know what you're going to do today, boy?" Pa asked.

"No, Pa," Hosh answered timidly.

"You're goin' to fix them fences," he grumbled. "And no more of that scratchin' out pictures on your shovel face. I ain't going to stand for it. Hear?"

"Yes, Pa," Hosh said dutifully, but his mind was as far away as he dared let it wander, in Pa's presence. He gulped down his fried dough and quickly swallowed the dark brown coffee in his mug and got up from the table. The screen door slammed behind him, and with the bang of the door came the words "Listen, you, you get them fences done."

Hosh threw a "Yes, Pa," over his shoulder, as casually as he dared, and meandered toward the barn to pick up his tools.

The air in the barn was heavy enough to carry, but Hosh liked it because it was dark and quiet. He glanced behind him to make sure he was all alone and then went to the feed bag and reached in through the cool pellets of grain until he found the picture. Mom had been so pretty. When Hosh looked at her picture, he tried to think what it would be like to have a woman in the house, to do the cooking, and to fix his clothes when they were ragged, and to love him and be warm. He looked at the picture with soft eyes and wished he'd known her better. Then a crunch of sand caught his ear from outside the barn door, and he heard the chickens clucking a welcome to Pa's hulking presence. The picture went into the boy's coveralls and as soon as he was sure that Pa was near the coop next to the barn, he grabbed his shovel, a hammer and a bag of nails, and skittered past the old truck and into the field at full canter, pounding his feet as hard as he could. He headed toward the fences.

Pa heard the boy, and watched him from in front of the door of the coop. He wanted to yell to his son, but he shook his head and looked at the parched ground, instead. Maybe I've been too hard on him, he thought, but it ain't easy to bring up a boy without a woman's help. He left the clucking of the hens, wandered slowly toward the house, and went in. He'd been thinking of giving that whip to his son for a long time

now. He thought of the boy's tawny skin and yellow hair, and wondered how long it had been since he'd shown him some love. A boy needed that, growing up. If Bess were alive, she could care for the boy and give him the warmth a mother is supposed to give. But Bess wasn't alive. He bowed his head, and thought for a moment of his dear dear Bess. He'd wanted so much for her. And she'd wanted to bear him another son, after Hosh. But she'd worked herself so, right up till it was time, and without letting anyone help her keep things up around the house and yard. And he thought again, as he always did when he thought of her, how it was really his fault, how he should have realized how weak she was. But he hadn't, and now she was lost to him. Lost to the boy, too. She and that tiny little babe, gone, in so short a time. He wanted to cry, but men don't do that. He wanted to show her in some way how much he loved her, missed her still. And he knew that his love must be shown to her through the boy; she would have wanted that, more than any single tribute he could think of. The whip had a carved grip. It was twenty feet long and powerful enough defense to protect someone against ten men, if it were used right.

He remembered a day, long ago; a summer day, like today had been. He had been about Hosh's age, he thought, maybe a little older. He'd fished all day at the edge of the swamp lake, from a log on the shore. Caught some fish, too, that he knew would please his Pa, for supper. He'd started back when the sun went down a bit, hinting dusk, his straw hat slipping over one eye, and the fishpole over his shoulder. The fish were in his creel, and he whistled a low whistle when he thought again of how Pa'd like 'em when he'd shown him what he'd caught. But he never expected what was going to happen. Pa was sitting on the porch, rocking, looking sort of quiet and distant about the eyes. He'd a picture held in his two large hands, and braced in his lap. It was Cora, his Ma, he knew; when Pa was alone he sometimes got her picture out, and tried to remember what it was like when she was alive. When he'd reached the porch steps, his Pa had hailed him.

"Well, Tad, what is it that you've got there, wriggling in your creel? Come here, and let me take a look." And he'd shown his dad the fish. And then it was that he'd looked up into his father's eyes, and seen the love there, that men seem to find so hard to show, that he'd found so hard to show, himself, to Hosh. His eyes grew moist as he remembered what had happened next, so long ago, on that old porch. His dad had reached behind his rocker and brought out something long and slender, the likes of which he'd never seen before. It was a whip, with a beautiful carved handle. He'd reached out to the boy, clasped his small waist, creel and all, with his free arm, and said to him, "Tad, I want you to have this. I had a friend once, carved this handle. And the whip is long and strong, as some day you will be. Here, son, take it." And Tad had taken it. Both small arms had gone around his father's neck, and moist cheek had gone

softly against moist cheek, in tender union, for that brief moment. What have I been waiting for? thought the boy Tad, in the body of the man Hosh knew as Pa. And he headed to the barn where the treasured whip was kept, hung on a nail, while with every step he took, his eyes roved eagerly, anxious for the sight of the boy. He noticed that he whistled as he reached up for the whip. His eyes were shiny; he felt all new inside and the grin spread quickly over his face as he walked, with gentle purpose, toward the fields and toward his son.



when the skies are grey and cloudy
and your hat is hard to find,
you can borrow mine completely
just don't drown in tears of mind;
if you'd rather you'd not wear it
and go out and have your fun
make the raindrops stop completely
into shining rays of sun

old man in cap
young man withered
old man fat
walking upon a dusty road
stop. upon a bridge
life is flowing under, life is sitting on the top
life is flying by the sun
young lady long hair fair
old lady white hair there
old man, young man, stare
walk with ladies fair
life is loving by the pair

feather trees

my thought is of feather trees
and honey without bees

—anonymous

EXPERIMENT IN HAIKU

1.

Tea leaves
In a china cup
Tantalize
The empty heart.

2.

I tend to question
This:
That poets know
How deep

3.

Imagine this:
To my delight
This Morning at Dawn
The sun rose again

4.

Write me a letter
And spill tea on it.
I will write one
Damp with salt water.

5.

Loneliness
Keeps a dry carnation
In a white vase
With no water.

—Anonymous

PRAYER FOR AMERICA

by B. E. Jenkins

Forgive us, Father, if we failed to hear
The hungry cries of those who starved for bread
Because the awful noise at Yucca Flats
Made deaf our ears to these we could have fed.

And if our eyes were blinded by the flash
So that we failed to see our brother's need,
And let the naked and the hungry die
Thinking we knew their plight, yet paid no heed;

If human hearts that thirsted after hope
Were filled instead with myriad doubts and fears,
Forgive us, God, and quick, before too late—
Unveil our eyes! Oh God, unstop our ears!

THE OLD MAN AND THE FIRE

by D. Dickau

I had a dream
The other night,
Concerning people, taking flight,
Along the borders of their town,
Into the hills beyond.
The prophets led the growing band
Of pilgrims trudging 'cross the land,
The mayor too was losing count,
But it didn't matter now.
They herded through the mountain pass,
Three abreast, across the grass,
Holding hands and growing fears,
They walked together,
Hand in hand.
The Negroes and the whites were there
No matter, 'cause their minds weren't there
They trudged across the lightened land
Holding hands, three abreast.

The town was now a blurring flame,
Nothing was there left to claim,
The people didn't mind at all,
They didn't take the time to care.

An old man stopped, and stared upon
The burning, empty town,

"Good God—my life is up in flames.
I've nothing left to live for.
Rebuild again, I haven't time,"
(An old man slowly died).

SOFT SONG

by S. G. Tyler

Angels treading softly on the sand
 awaken me to grander things.
I stare solemnly at wavelets
 gently playing at my toes,
Tempting me to forget deeper things
 and play with them.

But I am being watched, I know,
 and wouldn't presume to go
Without first assembling all my thoughts
 aligning them carefully to softer hearts
Than mine.

Angels show me compassion
 when I downgrade man.
They dump on me, and make me feel
 ashamed I ignore my own conscience,
And pretend I'm the final,
 rightful judge.

And then I hear their music
 and I listen.

A SONG OF SPRING

by Linda Hebert

The banks of tufted earth rose high
On either side of a finely foam-strewn rill,
Like shoulders huddled in secret against the dawn.

A bird spoke, in sparse comment, and then
He chirped with joyful loud rapidity
At spring's bright coming, and the sun's rotundity.

I can smell the green; my senses are awaken'd
And elated at the coming of the season;
Morbidity and sadness are dissolved.

I am alive and singing to a live and singing world
And the word my heart is reaching for,
In the capacious green, and in the worldly chatter of the birds,

Is love.

POEM

Walk a little way with me
Speak a little word that's free,
Wear a hole into your shoe
Let your tongue release anew
Gaze upon the sunning sun
Feel the part of which you're one.
Walk a little way with me
Speak a little word that's free.

* * * *

Dear life: I live with emptiness
With no new joys; with no regret
Please fill my dreams, I only ask for happiness;
With passing days that fly by night
I only wish a happy life.
Please, find my love;
Dear life, that taught me right from wrong,
That pushed a wind to hold me up
That held a light for me to follow,
Don't leave my heart unloved and hollow.

—Anonymous

THE LOSS OF LOVE

by Linda Hebert

I'm bitter at the loss of love
As bitter as the snow
Which, blinding, cuts the breath away
When winds a torment blow.

I'm bitter at the loss of love
When blinded by the moon
Which like a magnet, gravitates
New lovers' eyes, too soon.

And when the spell's unbreakable,
It, mirthful at the trick,
Retracts its mellow glow from them
And throats grow dry and thick.

I'm bitter at the loss of love
For just when'er it's found
Something takes it back again
And shackles me, bereft, and bound.



SEA

by M. A. S.

Rushing in while the moon is
Hiding. Gathering thoughts from
Days forgotten, and going out
Once again when the moon is high.

Ever changing with the seasons
Of the years, but always the same
In matter. Always rushing
Forth with exuberant life.

Still its constituents stay
Together, for its rule is
Most supreme. Forever living,
Forever dying, yet still there.

How can it host so many
Vessels and still thrash back
As if it were human? It seems
So gentle, yet so cruel.

SELF DESTRUCTION

by S. G. Tyler

When I want to end it all
and look squarely into the face of death
I shudder and run.
The Danger lies when death
looks on, and I, a million unknowing miles away
take the fatal step

and die . . .
unknowingly.

ALONE WITH DARKNESS

by Norma Kawecki

As I gazed through my window
Into the restless night air,
A single beam of light flickered
Above the stilled mountainside.

Outward into the dark my dreams did fly.
A scent of bliss and solitude filled the room
As I thought of how it must be—alone,
Alone, throughout the endless days with nothing to comfort.

The light—grew dimmer, then brighter, and again,
As the smell began to penetrate the walls,
And the still, quiet night urged it on,
As it cunningly lurked, waiting for the centaur to fall.

But then! A saving breath cleared the air,
And gave life to a flicker, for all to see.
Alone, small, dim? . . . Yes. But strong!
Strong enough to change the course of the mightiest stream.



POEM

by Sylvia Culver

Once I was happy;
I shared my hopes, my ideas, my dreams.
I laughed and I cried
I was myself, but I was part of someone else.

Then I only cried.
My ideas changed
My dreams shattered
Only my hopes lived on.
I was asleep and all alone.

My eyes slowly opened.
I realized I must go on.
I started living again.
My ideas and dreams are reforming
My hopes are even higher
There are many questions, but . . .
I am happy again.

HIDDEN

by M. A. S.

You hold so many secrets in
Your great depths. I would like
To know them all and live
As a part of your being.

Some can be so close to you,
Always in contact, but
Still not knowing or feeling your
Little weaknesses and comforts.

Rise up, and thrash your boundaries
With endless chants.
Your chants of everlasting life.
Then lie peaceful for retaliation.

A never-ending battle that
Neither will ever win.
So much like us are you.
Show us. Help us with your courage.

THE THEFT

by Linda Hebert

The beauty of a blade of grass
Is stifled when it's cut,
And freedom-robbed deliberately,
And far from sunlight shut.

A flower which blossoms full in field
Is often impulse-plucked
And taken away from air and sun
To confines, which its breath obstruct.

Why is the natural element
When living, full and free,
Made 'way with, grasped at, stolen,
Taken from where it was meant to be?

